

## Richard Clayderman

### "What It Do"

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[Lil' Jon]

Hey! Hey! Rich Boy... Lil' Jon (what's up Polow?)  
It's a lot of motherfuckin' bad bitches in this  
motherfucker (uh-huh)  
I think I'mma walk over to one of them motherfuckers  
and tell 'em this

[Chorus - Sean Paul & Cutty]

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number baby?)  
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number girl?)  
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number baby?)  
(Picture you naked in the back of my Chevy)

[Verse 1 - Rich Boy]

The cars, the clothes, the hoes, I know that  
That purp, that kush, that dro, we blow that  
we popp-in', rollin', drinkin', smokin'  
Puffin', passin' now, we chokin'  
The pa-parazzi, snap, and shoot me  
The Prada, the Louis, the Fendi, and the Gucci  
The diamonds so big she tell a nigga "look daddy"  
A nigga so jealous that he don't wanna look at me  
Nigga look at me (why ya knockin'?)  
We ballin' and shoppin' them bottles poppin'  
The rims, the paint, the ride, so fly  
The twen-ty eights, be sit-tin' high  
The lows, the highs, the mids, the tweeters  
Bang-in' hard, you hear, my speakers  
(Boom boom boom boom) the trunk be knockin'  
The bit-ches strip-pin', lean-in' rockin'

[Chorus 2 - Sean Paul & (Cutty)]

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number baby?)  
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number girl?)  
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number baby?)

(Picture you naked in the back of my Bentley)

[Verse 2 - Rich Boy]

We ball, we shine, we all, be grindin'  
My chain, my rang, you see, the diamonds  
We leanin', sip-pin', drankin', pourin'  
Prometh-azine, that pur-ple ocean  
So what it do, ya know, ya boy  
Ya know, I got-ta keep, that toy  
So pass the K, I make, 'em feel me  
These nig-gas hat-in', tryin' to kill me  
The seats in the ride like peanut butter and jelly  
The pedal to the flo', I'm bossin' in the Chevy  
Ooh, what it be like baby? Show me  
Some hoes wanna blow me but they, don't even know  
me  
My jewel-ry sick, it's so, contagious  
You see, my wrist, the shit, outrageous  
Mon-te Carlos, and Impalas  
Mon-ey, rub-berbands and dollars

[Chorus 3 - Sean Paul & Cutty]

What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number baby?)  
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number girl?)  
What it do? What it be like? (Can I get ya telephone  
number baby?)  
(Meant to be naked, we were meant to be naked)

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